

Mon on his arrival and that on his departure were very different. The crowd quickly made a lane for the triumphant champion, and his smiling wife and cheered them long and loud. Bob lifted his cap in acknowledgment of the applause, and Mrs. Fitzsimmons shifted the reins from her right hand to her left, and waved a tiny caudate handkerchief.

Thirty minutes later Fitzsimmons sat down to his dinner at Cook's ranch as though nothing had happened. A swollen lip and a red nose were the marks of a struggle which could be observed about his face.

Corbett was a pitiful sight. He cried like a baby, and raved like a wild man. "Oh, it's all right, boys," he sobbed. "I ain't kicking, but to think that I was licked with one punch by a cur who was afraid to stand up before me when he came into the ring. I had him going, boys, you know that. Look, there ain't a mark on me. He knocked out one of my teeth in the thirteenth round. Wasn't I fresh? He missed that left lead time and again, before he got it in, never thought it would reach me, but it did, and I was put out fair and square."

Jim was fuddled by his friends and coaxed into quitting the ring for his dressing room. Before the platform was closed, W. A. Brady addressed the crowd, saying that he would look Corbett against Fitzsimmons at any time or at any place for \$20,000; that he would put \$2,500 in gold, which he has on deposit in the Bullion Bank of Carson, as a forfeit; that he would sell his property in Brooklyn and Ashbury Park, and deposit the remaining \$17,000 within ten days.

Later in the afternoon, he made good his boast as to the deposit in the bank. In an interview with a staff correspondent of the United Associated Presses, Brady said: "Corbett says that he has been whipped fairly and squarely. He was licked on the level, but he does not admit that Fitzsimmons is the better man. We gave him his chance," said Brady, "but want him to give us ours. I can control Corbett before he commences to disspate now, and we have our good money that says he can lick Fitzsimmons."

Brady was keenly out and almost hysterical in his manner. His voice was broken and husky, but he passed out the above statements determinedly and bitterly. Martin Julian was not saying much, but his retort fairly expressed more than his tongue could utter. "We knew it all the time," he cried, "and Corbett admits that he was fairly licked. Now the people know who the cur did. You ever see such a mean fight as Fitzsimmons put up?" Bob waved his hand in response to the question, and said: "I will fight him to the death, and I will win with his life." To enjoy his victory with Bob, Jr., on his knee.

In the opinion of veteran sports who have seen most of the big battles of the last three decades, today's contest discounted anything they had ever seen before while it lasted. There was hardly a slow moment from the time the gong sounded, at 12:08 p. m., until the fatal blow was delivered. As was expected, Corbett completely out-



THE NEW CHAMPION

challenged on behalf of John L. Sullivan, and the old-time champion was greeted with a round of applause when he doffed his silk hat and clambered through the ropes to make the customary speech. On behalf of Joe Goldard and Tom Sharkey, Billy Madden hurled defiance at the head of the prospective champion.

Fitzsimmons was the first to reach the dressing room, which had been selected for him on the north side of the arena. Martin Julian and Roeder led the way for Fitzsimmons, who was driven by his wife in a beat, single buggy. They were followed by Hickey and Steiner, and the little procession passed through the crowd without receiving much applause, and got into their quarters at 10:41.

Corbett left Shaw's Springs in a closed carriage, and was accompanied by White, Delaney, and Judge Labor. His brother Joe, with Jeffries, Woods, and McVey, followed in a stage, as did Jim's two nephews, the cousins Ned and Laddie. They arrived at 11:10 and went at once to the dressing room. At 11:50 Mrs. Fitzsimmons left the dressing room and took a seat in a box directly behind her husband's corner. There were about a dozen women scattered in different boxes.

At 11:55 a scattering round of applause announced Fitzsimmons' appearance. He wore a Turkish toweling bath robe of blue and white, and was followed by his seconds. He had scarcely got half way to the ring when Corbett appeared in the aisle at the opposite side of the ring. He wore a dark gray, low-cut, striped dressing gown. Both men reached the platform almost together, but Fitzsimmons was first up the steps inside the ring.

The lanky Australian stood in his corner for a moment and sized up his rival with a peculiarly cool and critical searching glance. Then he paced up and down his side of the ropes, rubbing his hands together with a nervous motion.

Corbett appeared very cool and chatted confidently with his friends at the ring-side and with his seconds. The gloves were then handed in by White and the men donned them. Charlie White looked after Fitzsimmons' fitting and Martin Julian performed a like act for Corbett. Master of Ceremonies Billy Madden introduced the men and Referee George Siler announced the officials and seconds in Corbett's corner were Charlie White, Billy Delaney, Jack McVey, and Billy Woods. Fitzsimmons' aides were Martin Julian, Ernest Roeder, Dan Hickey and Jack Steiner. George Siler called the men together and said: "I don't suppose it is necessary for me to instruct you."

Both quietly shook their heads. "You both know the rules as well as I do," Siler continued. "Yes, yes," Corbett answered. Fitzsimmons nodded his head emphatically, and Siler stepped aside, and Corbett walked toward Fitzsimmons with his right hand outstretched, but Fitzsimmons shook his head slowly but emphatically and half turned back to his own corner. Corbett smiled and stopped short.

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It was a great fight, a clean fight, as Gov. Sader said. "We made no mistake in giving those fellows a license. It was the proudest contest I ever saw."

The crowd filled out of the arena and attacked the lunch counters, only to drift in again for the afternoon battles.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.
How the Pugilists Acted When They Entered the Ring.
Carson, Nev., March 17.—Never were the snow-topped Sierras, which encircle the valley where Carson lies snugly, watched with more absorbing interest than they were this morning. After years of disappointment the two greatest fighters of the century were ready to meet to decide the heavyweight championship of the world, the ownership of a purse of \$15,000, with a side bet of \$5,000, and a prospective fortune for the winner.

It was no wonder therefore that Dan Stuart in Carson and the men at Cook's Ranch and Shaw's Springs watched eagerly for the appearance of the morning sunshiners to the hills for the weather alone the battle depended for success, and the avoidance of an obnoxious postponement. The absence of rain or snow and a moderately clear morning would have satisfied the sports, and their thanks to the weather duty were fervent indeed when they saw the sun rise in all his majesty to shine benignantly throughout one of the most glorious days ever experienced in this locality.

Every one was astir by 7 o'clock. Both training quarters were visited by a constant stream of vehicles, and those who were satisfied with the condition of the men from various visits stood around the street corners discussing the probable outcome. By 8:30 the outer gates of the big wooden arena were thrown open, and those who were not fortunate enough to possess tickets for the reserved seats at their breakfast hurriedly and hustled to obtain the most advantageous seats on the benches. The holders of numbered seats took things more easily and did not start for the scene of action until about 9:30.

The battle was advertised for 10 o'clock, but the special trains from East and West did not arrive until long after this hour, and it was evident that both Corbett and Fitzsimmons knew that there was no hurry, for they took their time about reaching the ring-side. By 11 o'clock the arena was comfortably filled and nearly all the ticket-holders had taken their seats. The waiting capacity of the arena is estimated at 18,000, and the crowd was all seated, and numbered about 6,000 people.

While the spectators were awaiting the arrival of the principals and their aides they put in their time in looking at the challenges to the winner. Billy Jordan

made by each man were loudly cheered.

After Corbett came to his senses, the two pugilists shook hands, Jim having indirectly apologized for his outbreak after the contest was decided. After Mrs. Fitzsimmons had embraced her husband, utterly regardless of his sanguinary appearance, the victorious procession headed for the dressing room.

A wash and a rub-down improved the champion's appearance a hundred-fold. His better half's ray cheeks grew a degree rosier at the applause which greeted the new champion, as they set out for Cook's Ranch. She shifted the reins to her left hand and waved a tiny caudate and linen handkerchief. The pair hurried along at a merry pace to Cook's Ranch, where Bob's

appetite showed no diminution after his exercise.

After Corbett had been rubbed down he dressed quickly and got into a carriage which was waiting. He drove to the depot and got on board the fast special for "Frisco."

The betting underwent very little change before the battle and the men entered the ring at 10:40 to 10:45. Few big individual bets were laid, but during the fight Mose Gust, of San Francisco, bet \$500 even on Corbett with Pittsburgh Phil. The latter won \$4,000, and would have wagered much more money if the ringside if he could have obtained suitable stakeholders. Paris mutuals paid \$13.50 for \$10 combination of Fitzsimmons, Green and Hawkins.

HOW THE FIGHT WAS WON.
A Simple Ruse Caught the Californian Napping.
Carson, Nev., March 17.—After two years of doubt and vexatious postponements, the heavy-weight championship of the world was decided beyond cavil, when Robert Fitzsimmons sent James J. Corbett help-

less to his knees with a left-hand blow under the heart after one minute and forty-five seconds in the fourteenth round of their battle in the arena here this afternoon.

The great contest was won in the simplest manner, and the knockout was the result of one unwary move on the part of Corbett. After the first minute of the fourteenth round had been spent in a few harmless clinches and counters, Fitzsimmons made a fake lead with his right maintained until the last moment, and

fifteen seconds, and it was several minutes before I realized that I had committed a breach of etiquette in trying to follow up my opponent after he put me out. I meant it when I said I would be his friend hereafter.

THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.
How the Great Battle Was Won and Lost.
Round 1.—Timekeeper Muldoon pulled on the gong string at 12:08 o'clock. The men

It caught the Californian napping. Instead of keeping his body inclined forward and throwing back his head just a trifle to show the blow, which was of the very lightest kind, to slip by, Corbett contentedly bent his head and chest backward and thus protruded his abdomen. Fitzsimmons' small eyes flashed and like lightning he saw and availed himself of his advantage. Drawing back his left he brought it up with terrible force, the forearm rigid and at right angles to the upper arm. With the full power of his wonderful driving muscles brought into play, the Australian fairly ripped the blow up the pit of Corbett's stomach at a point just under the heart. Corbett was lifted clean off his feet and as he pitched forward Fitzsimmons shot his right up and around, catching Jim on the jaw and accelerating his downward fall. Corbett sank on his left knee, and with his outstretched right grasped the ropes for support. His left arm worked convulsively up and down, while his face was twitching with an expression of the greatest agony. Referee Siler threw up his hands on the call of ten and left the ring. There were some cries of "foul" when the referee declared Corbett out, but they were unheeded by anybody, as the battle was won fairly and squarely. The defeat nearly drove Corbett wild. When he was able to feel his feet, after his seconds had helped him to his corner, he broke away from them and rushed at Fitzsimmons, who had not left the ring.

A scene of dreadful confusion ensued. The ring was crowded with an excited mob, but Corbett burst through them and landed a blow on Fitzsimmons' head, which was with great difficulty only saved. Jim threw back his head from the fake, coming forward for a counter when he thought Fitzsimmons' glove was comfortably past his jaw. Quick as a flash Bob doubled back and barely missed Jim's jaw with the back of his hand. The first time he tried to hit him, he took no more chances on countering on that particular form of lead after that.

The battle, as predicted, was fought on purely scientific and almost new principles. Neither of the men took any advantage of the privileges allowed them under the London prize-fighting rules and there was very little hitting in clinches. Corbett made no attempt to bring about his right in breaking away, probably because Fitz held up in the way of a parrying shot and a right upper cut which he brought around a foot every time he tried. He did get in one good upper cut in the fourth round, splitting Bob's upper lip and starting the blood in a thick stream. Several times the men clinched and parted with both hands up. Frequently Corbett reached for the corner and reached for him right and left with blows that would win any championship battle if they had landed. Fitzsimmons himself admits that Corbett shuffled and side-stepped in a way to safety in a manner which simply dazed him.

"I never saw such a clever man in my life," said Fitzsimmons this evening. "He got away from me time and time again, when I thought I had him out, so I kept coming right along until my opportunity arrived. He was weak in the last round, and all his cleverness was of no use. The only blow that really worked me, was the one which split my lip. The others I never felt. He fought fair, and hereafter he may have my respect if he continues to merit it."

Corbett's version of his own Waterloo did not vary greatly from Fitzsimmons'. "I made a mistake in not keeping away," was the way he put it. "Fitzsimmons I knew to be a terrific puncher, but I never calculated on his being able to reach me. If the sixth round had lasted ten seconds longer I would have landed him to a certainty. My neglect in not standing back and his legs were wobbling. The gong sounded just as I was about to plug him with my right and end the battle. He recuperated wonderfully, and I stayed away from him until I thought he was about ripe for another drubbing at short range. My neglect in not standing back and his legs were wobbling. The gong sounded just as I was about to plug him with my right and end the battle. He recuperated wonderfully, and I stayed away from him until I thought he was about ripe for another drubbing at short range. My neglect in not standing back and his legs were wobbling. 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